

THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

BOYS AND GIRLS DEPARTMENT

Rules for Young Writers

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only, and number the pages.
 2. Use pen and pencil.
 3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.
 4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
 5. Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the story.
- Address all communications to Uncle Jed, Bulletin Office.
- Whatever you are—Be that! Whatever you say—Be true! Straightforwardly act. Be honest—in fact. Be nobody else but you.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

The little boy dog is covered with dust, But sturdy and staunch he stands; And the little toy soldier is red with rust, And his musket mounds in his hands.

Time was when the little toy was new, And the soldier was passing fair; And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue Kissed them and put them there.

"Now don't you go till I come," he said, "And don't you make any noise!" So, toddling off to his trundle-bed, He dreamed of the pretty toys; And, as he was dreaming, an angel song Awakened our Little Boy Blue—

Oh! the years are many, the years are long, But the little toy friends are true!

By, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand, Each in the same old place—Awaiting the touch of a little hand, The smile of a little face; And they wonder, as waiting the long years through, In the dust of that little chair, What has become of our Little Boy Blue, Since he kissed them and put them there.

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

Here it is the middle of November and the bluebirds are carolling in the trees and it is often warm enough to sit out in the open air at mid-day. We see the snow birds about but no snow-fakes yet.

Most of you know the common winter-bird, the chickadee, the junco and the nuthatch. If you do not know them I will tell you how to recognize them. The junco has a very dark colored head and a light colored breast and when it flies shows white feathers on each side of its tail. It is about the size of the sparrow. The chick-a-dee-dee has a black cap and calls: "Chick-a-dee-dee." The nuthatch is a sturdy little greyish bird with a white breast and runs about upon tree trunks hunting for insects' eggs, head downward. These birds are not very shy and may easily be studied.

November marks the end of the harvest and the beginning of winter, it bids farewell to the warm season and takes us gradually to ice and snow, and skating and out-of-door sports which you all so much enjoy.

When we leave the autumn with its harvests and enter the winter with its frost we can better imagine how the Israelites felt when they were wandering in the wilderness, and to break the dreariness of winter man has made it the season of greatest festivity, and in-door pleasures divert our attention from out-of-door dreariness.

Follow pursuits which interest you and you will not become lonely or downcast.

WIDE-AWAKE STORIES

MATTIE LOU'S QUEER DOLLIES.

Aren't you proud of your pretty dollies, and don't you have a lot of fun with them?

Well, Mattie Lou loved hers, too; but I wonder if you would not turn up your nose at the dollies Mattie Lou had to play with.

You see, she lived way up in the mountains, far from a store of any kind, and anyway, Mattie Lou's papa didn't have the money for dollies; he took all he had for cornbread and molasses for Mattie Lou and all her little brothers and sisters.

But Mattie Lou didn't cry and fret over this. No, indeed; not a bit of it! Mattie Lou was not the kind of girl to cry.

She just made her own dollies—now wait till you hear what she did.

She dressed up bottles, yes, big bottles, and little bottles, so you see she had dollies of all sizes and they made the finest kind of dollies, too.

For she traveled out some old stockings, which made a fringe, and she stuck it in the bottle, then she put the cork in tight, and this fringe hung down and made hair for the bottle doll.

Why, do you know, Mattie Lou could even braid this hair as if it were real!

Then she would tie a little scrap of a skirt around the neck of the bottle, and, brava you, play with it and enjoy it, too; just as you do your store dolly.

And, do you know, she gave these dollies such queer names, the names of what had been in the bottle, sometimes "Castor" was the name of one. She thought that was a beautiful name.

But Mattie Lou looked for a great big dolly, and what do you think she made one out of?

Why, there was a tree stump by the side of her log cabin, and she would dress this stump up in her own apron and sash, and she called it "Susie Ann."

Susie Ann had hair, too, for Mattie Lou cut up a piece of black cloth in strips, and tacked this to the stump, so Mattie Lou had a good time braiding this hair of Susie Ann.

There was only one trouble with her stump-dolly; she couldn't take it in her arms. But, then, Mattie Lou never troubled over something that could not be helped.

Now when you tire of your own pretty store-dollies, and maybe fret for a new one, just think of Mattie Lou, with her bottle and stump dollies, and be glad you've your real dollies, even if they are old—Apples of Gold.

YE OLDEN TIMES.

Every gentleman wore a queue and powdered his hair.

A gentleman bowing to a lady always scraped his foot on the ground.

All the population of a village assembled at the inn on "post day" to hear the news.

The church collection was taken in a bag at the end of a pole, with a ball attached to arouse sleepy contributors.

An old copper mine in Connecticut was used as a prison.

Imprisonment for debt was a common practice.

There was only one hat factory, and that made cocked hats.

Virginia contained a fifth of the whole population of the country.

Two stage coaches bore all the travel between New York and Boston.

The Mississippi valley was not as well known as the heart of Africa now is.

There was not a public library in the United States.

Books were very expensive. The Lives of the Poets cost \$15.

A day laborer received two shillings a day.

A horseman who galloped on a city street was fined four shillings.

Crockery plates were objected to because they dulled the knives.

A man who jeered at the preacher or criticized the sermon was fined.

Dr. Good was designated as "men's sturgeon" or "women's sturgeon."

Stoves were unknown. All cooking was done before an open fireplace.

Six days were required for a journey between New York and Boston.

Many of the streets were not named, and the houses were not numbered.

Three-fourths of the books in every library came from beyond the Atlantic.

Twenty days were required for a letter to go from New York to Charleston, S. C.

A New England girl was not allowed to marry until she could bake a loaf of bread and cut it in smooth, even slices while it was still warm.

A journey to New York was made by rail and bade farewell to his friends, as though he never expected to see them again.

When a man had enough tea, he placed his spoon across his cup to indicate that he wanted no more.

Dances in Philadelphia were given every two weeks, but young men under 20 and girls under 18 were not admitted.

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

desired me to enter her auto immediately. After a drive of about ten minutes we arrived at her home.

The house is situated on a hill, and is surrounded by maple and pine trees. It has a wide veranda around which American Beauty roses climb. Behind the house, in the distance, is seen the Berkshire hills, and from the piazza, is seen Lake Shawag.

Here I stayed two weeks and enjoyed myself immensely.

GLADYS HOULE, Age 12, Stafford Springs.

Birds and Insects.

If there is an insect that feeds upon a certain plant, there is also a bird which destroys the insect, and an animal which devours the bird. If man destroys the natural enemies, then insects become a pest, and they will cease to trouble him, only in proportion as he shall restore the balance of nature which shows the necessity. It is not that insects are to be destroyed or condemned as a class. Nothing is created except for the fulfillment of some purpose, and the class of insects is not inferior to that of any other class of animal life; none are without their legitimate uses.

Insects are in a great many ways very useful and valuable to man. They prepare for us the material for silk, which, in its manufacture, furnishes profitable employment to multitudes of men, women and children, and brings in large revenues to the country.

Insects we must thank for honey—the sweetest of sweets. The air we breathe and the water we drink are kept pure and wholesome by the agency of myriads of little creatures which draw sustenance from the impurities of the elements. It is not, then, insects are to be exterminated, even if it were possible, but only kept in check.

The majority of our native birds have but one brood in a year, and the course of a year; a few have two or three. In the case of the smaller insect-eating birds, the number of eggs is a brood of one hundred to one thousand. Some of the larger birds, as the various Gallinules, lay from five or six to twenty eggs to a brood.

On the other hand, the reproductive energy of insects is truly marvellous. It is said that a single pair of grain weevils have produced six thousand young between April and August. Common varieties of plant lice, which are found on almost all kinds of plants, are produced in spring from eggs laid the season before, but they do not offer to grant Roy's request. He went on his way musing something to the effect that one couple was not much to share with any one.

He was not like the unselfish brother who put the kernel of a filbert in half that he might share what little he had with his sister.

Neither was he like unto the one who gives to us in such abundance and who bids each one of us to give as freely as he receives. That does not mean in just the great things of life. It means that each must strive constantly to be cheerful and generous, no matter whether he is blessed with much or little.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Sarah Hyman of Norwich: I thank you very much for the book you awarded me. I have read it through and find it exciting and interesting. This is the sixth book I have won.

Gladys Long, of Moosup—I thank you for my prize book, The Automobile Girls at Newport. I have read it through and like it very much.

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

He Could Not Spare a Bite.

Mark Stafford was walking down the street eating an apple when he met his cousin Albert, and the latter's friend, Roy.

"Mark, Roy, cried as the three boys paused a minute.

"Mark took his head as he looked another bit.

"Don't ask him," Albert said quickly. "Don't you know he never gives anything away? That is why he is himself."

Mark thought of this and did not offer to grant Roy's request. He went on his way musing something to the effect that one couple was not much to share with any one.

He was not like the unselfish brother who put the kernel of a filbert in half that he might share what little he had with his sister.

Neither was he like unto the one who gives to us in such abundance and who bids each one of us to give as freely as he receives. That does not mean in just the great things of life. It means that each must strive constantly to be cheerful and generous, no matter whether he is blessed with much or little.

LEO FELLOQUIN, Age 11.

Versailles.

On a bright morning in June my parents and I started on a visit to Mt. Tom. We took the cars for Palmer, arriving there we changed cars for Springfield.

When we reached there we purchased a few gifts for our friends at home. After doing so we took the cars for Holyoke, where we got out and went into a little station at the bottom of the mountain, bought tickets and got into a little car and in about five minutes we were going up the mountain side.

When we reached the top we found ourselves at the top. Stepping off the car we walked up a cement walk to a summer house.

Here we ate a lunch we had brought with us. Then we went into a large house where there were telescopes and looking glasses. By looking into these you would become short and fat or tall and thin.

About 5 o'clock we left this delightful place. At the foot of this mountain is a beautiful park full of nice flowers, deer, bears, etc. We fed the deer on candy while waiting for the car. When the car came we got on and arrived home about 7 o'clock, a very tired party.

AGNES SCHRIER, Age 12.

Stafford Springs.

My Vacation.

Having accepted an invitation to visit my cousin, I started from our industrial little town one morning in July for East Brookfield, my destination.

I was met there by my cousin who

The Humming Birds.

Humming birds are natives of America. They are the smallest and the most brilliantly colored of the whole feathered race. There are many species, all varying in size from a wren to a bumble bee, with such beauty and splendor of plumage it is hardly possible to describe them.

These birds are to be seen clad in the loveliest crimson, blue and green, laid on gold and silver. Nothing can be more beautiful than to see them glittering like gems among the highly accented flowers of the warm countries where they inhabit.

They possess a long and very slender bill with which they extract the nectar, and the small insects which lurk in the recesses of the flowers and are formed for rapid flight and are ever on the wing.

Wherever a creeping vine opens its fragrant clusters or flowers bloom, these lovely birds are to be seen. In the garden, in the woods, over the water, everywhere they are darting about.

Sometimes they are seen chasing each other with a rapidity of flights, circling round and round and rising high in the air, then darting off to some distant attraction so swiftly it is hard for the eye to follow.

Perched upon a limb they smooth their plumage and seem to delight in their dazzling hues.

Their wings vibrate with such rapidity that the motion is hardly visible, and it is from the constantly humming sound, caused by their wings, that they get their name.

The nest of the humming bird is beautifully made, of the softest down gathered from the silk cotton tree and covered on the outside with bits of leaves and moss, of the same color. The smallest species is about as large as half of a walnut.

EDITH W. HATHAWAY, Age 9.

Bozrahville.

A Trip to Hartford.

I went to Stafford Springs with one of our neighbors.

It was a warm and beautiful day the last of August.

A friend of mine met me at the Springs and we stayed there a while in New Hartford.

We went through Tolland, Vernon, Rockville and East Hartford. When we were going across the Connecticut bridge I saw the largest bridge in the world.

We went to New York. There were many small boats on the river.

We got off the car down town and walked up to where we were to stay.

We went to a restaurant one day for dinner and in the evening we went to see the moving pictures.

We stayed at our boarding place for a while. Then we went up to the house of one of my friends and stayed there a few days.

Then we went to the Green Kettle restaurant for dinner and in the afternoon went to the moving pictures.

That evening we were asked out to tea.

The next day we went down town in

an automobile and spent the afternoon. The next day we had to go back to our boarding house because we had to come to Union the next afternoon.

The house is situated on a hill, and is surrounded by maple and pine trees. It has a wide veranda around which American Beauty roses climb. Behind the house, in the distance, is seen the Berkshire hills, and from the piazza, is seen Lake Shawag.

Here I stayed two weeks and enjoyed myself immensely.

GLADYS HOULE, Age 12, Stafford Springs.

Rubber.

The best rubber trees are grown in the Amazon valley and the surrounding country for miles, making this region the most important rubber region in the world.

Rubber is very high and is as big as a normal man's waist around the trunk. Rubber needs a moist soil, good drainage, and a tropical climate. The rubber tree grows wild being scattered among the other trees. The tree must be fifteen to twenty years old before it produces latex.

Many men are employed to gather the sap. Each man has a path which has from sixty to one hundred and fifty feet of rubber tree to be tapped. The man takes a long time to gather the sap. The gatherer cuts a gash or spiral groove in the tree and hangs a tin cup to the sap. The sap runs down the groove and is collected in the tin cup. The cups are about the size of an egg cup. If a man gathers two quarts of sap a day he is thought to have done well.

After the sap has been gathered it is carried back to the camp to be made into rubber. The sap is boiled in a large pot and the water is poured off. The remaining latex is then pressed into sheets and cannot be sold for as much money as the other.

The life of a rubber tapper is a hard one. He is out in the forest all day long, and he has to carry a heavy load of latex on his back. He has to be careful not to get lost, and he has to be careful not to get bitten by a snake or a wild animal.

The rubber tapper is a very important man in the Amazon valley. Without him there would be no rubber, and without rubber there would be no tires for the automobiles.

FLORENCE BUCKLEY, Age 13.

What Happened at the Farm.

Mary was a little city girl. Her Uncle John and her Aunt Sarah lived on a farm in the country. One day in June, her mother and father decided to go and visit them, and stay all summer.

Mary was very happy about this and could hardly wait for the time to come when they started. She couldn't sleep at night. At last the time came to go.

She awoke early in the morning, got dressed and almost flew down the stairs. She was so excited that she ran to the door and looked out. She was all ready and soon on the way.

Mary was thinking so much about her Uncle John and Aunt Sarah that she didn't notice anything. When they had reached the farm and had talked awhile they took a walk. Mary saw many wonderful things. She saw a big barn, a big house, and a big field. She saw many cows and sheep. There were numerous hens and chickens.

Soon they came to a brook. Mary stepped out and followed it for a long time and ran back to her mother. She soon lost sight of them, and called. At last she saw them coming in the distance. She ran with all her might toward them.

Her mother cried, "Don't run so fast, child. You'll fall and hurt yourself badly."

But this cry came too late. Mary had already fallen. She was near her mother. She tried to get up, but her leg was hurt so much she couldn't. All excited, her father carried her home. She was put to bed with a sprained ankle, but made comfortable. In two or three weeks she was running through the fields. She was very sorry when she had to go home.

EDITH PURVIS, Age 11.

Norwich.

Stories About a Cat and Dog.

My grandmother has just got back from visiting a lady she knows up in Connecticut. The lady has two old cats and four kittens. When the cats and kittens are eating, one of the kittens hides a piece of meat under his tail, then he tries to get another piece away from another kitten.

My grandmother calls the kitten a little pig.

I wish I had been there and seen him. I think he would look cunning.

My grandmother is going down to my uncles and aunts for the winter. She will take a dog that she will do many tricks. He will eat a fork, and when my uncle gives him a piece of meat he will go off in a cart and deliver it. He likes to follow my uncle around everywhere.

When my uncle and aunt go away he feels awful bad because he cannot go too. The dog's name is Rover.

What will send the Wide-Awake Circle a couple of riddles?

What can run down a tree, but cannot run up a tree?

What is a fish?

ALICE GERTHA KINNEY, South Coventry.

My Little Red Cat.

I once had a cat that would hardly let me go. I was very fond of it, and when my friend was here he told me to put a rope around his neck, so he could make him go up beside of me. The cat was very old and came on the hill. Then he started to run and ran till he came to the barn. There he stopped.

My friend was making a quarter of a mile long. We were all watching him while he was making his fast trip. We were all laughing before he was over of it.

After I went to feed the cat with milk and water, and then it was getting dark.

When my friend came in the house, he said, "Look at my knee and my hand, how sore they are."

In the morning when I got up and went to the barn I found the cat very sick, because we gave him milk and water while he was so hot.

He had to be killed he was suffering.

I was very sorry and sad, because I could never have another cat so nice as my little red cat.

IRVING W. WYSE, Age 11, West Willington.

A Sad Mistake.

In a certain village there were two families whose names were Brown. One was a fisherman. One day a fisherman lost a fish, one his wife, the other his boat.

The minister's wife, as she supposed, called on the man who lost his wife but she called on the man who had lost his boat.

"I'm sorry to hear of your great loss," she said.

"Oh, it isn't much," was the reply. "She wasn't worth much."

"Indeed!" said the surprised lady.

"Yes," continued Mr. Brown, "she was a rickety old thing. I offered her to my mate, but he wouldn't have her. I've had my eye on another for a long time, and she's just what I need."

ETHEL FIRTH, Age 14, Baltic.

A Thanksgiving Day Wedding.

It was Thanksgiving day in the year of 1908 and the wedding of a young couple. The bride and groom had a fine time. When the couple were going we went to see them off. Most all of the relatives were there. We had a turkey, which was stewed to the top.

You should have seen the wedding cake. My cousin had water at the thought of it. Although we sent out a number of invitations all did not come. We had enough for the house was nearly full. We had a pleasant time.

I must tell you of a cousin I had never seen before. She is just grand. Her mother could not stay all the while. Almost all the guests went home that night. It was a good thing we had room. My cousin Agnes and her mother came. She was pleasant and full of jokes. She said she had a good time. No wonder, with the crowd that was there. Her nephew's name is George.

George told us a story of his Halloween eve. He went out and dressed as a ghost and scared his neighbors. He was very brave and he dressed in a devil's suit one night, and as he went up and down the streets the other children of his age thinking he was a devil, always dodged him. That was the most interesting part of the evening.

BLANCHE LUCIER, Taftville.

The Book of Leaves.

It was a cold October evening and Tim was reading and musing. "Oh, I wish I had something to do." Perhaps you have found yourself in the same light; if so, do as he did. A bright thought struck him, and he said, "I'm going to make a book of leaves." This is how he did it:

He first procured four sheets of drawing paper, which he folded to make eight pages. Then he sewed them together and when finished he had a little book of the cover of which he wrote, "My Book of Leaves" in crayon and on the back a similar title.

He procured eight nice leaves as one might say, red maple, red maple, etc. These he pasted, one each on the pages of his book, writing the names of the leaves in ink below them. He also wrote a simple thing, which he wrote, "My Book of Leaves" in crayon and on the back a similar title.

You can write little poems about autumn on the first pages, too, if you wish.

In pasting be careful not to tear the leaves and use good sticky paste. A book of leaves is a simple thing, but it will teach you to know the trees and there are leaves in your vicinity that will help you in nature study.

WALTER GAVIGAN, Age 13, Willimantic.

Gualberto's "Forgiveness."

Far away in Italy, on the banks of the Arno, there is a beautiful city called Florence. But for centuries it was a very unpleasant place to live in, for its citizens were always quarreling and no one should run the city.

At one of these times one of the nobles killed the brother of Giovanni Gualberto. And Gualberto was very angry at the death of his brother and vowed revenge.

At length he captured his brother's murderer, but just as Gualberto was drawing his sword to kill his enemy, who knelt helpless at his feet, he heard a voice say softly: "Forgiveness is nobler than revenge."

The noble who was the voice of Christ, who forgave those who crucified him.

So Gualberto sheathed his half-drawn sword and said: "Brother, I forgive thee, go in peace."

FRANCES FIELDS, Age 12, Norwich.

A Camping Trip.

Last summer as soon as school was over we got a letter from our friends May and John to come to visit them. They lived in Maine. My cousin and I started two weeks after school was out. We got there in the evening.

The next day we went with May and John for a walk through the woods. After a while we came to the shore of the lake. There we saw a boat tied to a tree. It belonged to our friends' father.

We jumped in and John rowed the boat. When we were in the middle of the lake the sky started to darken and we knew it would soon rain.

We turned the boat and rowed rapidly back to shore. When we were near the shore we started to row home, but when we were near the house it started to rain and we all got very wet.

We stayed in Maine one month and went out many times in the boat while we were there.

MARION DEUTSCH, Age 11, Baltic.

Value of Paper to Us.

Paper is made from a pulp. The United States, Germany and Great Britain make the most paper, using the wood and bark of trees. They use old paper and waste in the manufacture of printing, writing and wrapping papers, which are the most important kinds.

Wood-pulp is the largest material used. Wherever great forests of spruce or poplar exist, as they do in our country, Canada and Germany, we make more paper than any other nation, largely because of the great number and size of our newspapers. Paper is one of the great exports of United States.

IRENE MATHIEU, Age 14.

Columbia.

LETTERS TO UNCLE JED.

Appie Day at School.

Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I would write about appie day.

We had appie day the last Friday in October.

In the afternoon we did not have any school except writing and learning about apples.

We wrote a recipe of something that could be made by using apples.

I wrote about five recipes.

My teacher said she would give the one who wrote the best recipe five cents. She took the paper and we had to wait to see which was best. Two of them were the best, so she gave each five cents. I got five cents for my recipe.

After that two of the girls peeled and cored some apples. These apples were canned for appie filling.

There was a pail placed upon the stove. We put the appie in the jar, partially sealed it and put it into the pail of water.

There were some apples left over which we made into appie sauce.

The apples weren't very good, but the sauce and pie filler look good.

FERDIA K. WALKER, Age 11, Mansfield Center.

Apples and Their Uses.

Dear Uncle Jed: Apples are raised in New England and in the eastern part of the United States. Bright red apples are raised in the west.

The early apples are Astracans, Augustas, and Golden Sweet. Late apples are Baldwins, Northern Spys, Crabs, Pippins, Maiden Blush, Twenty-two-ounce, and Russets.

Golden Sweet, Baldwins, Pippins, Maiden Blush, Crab, Twenty-two-ounce Astracans and Pippins and Russets.

To make pies, we use Baldwins, Russets, Maiden Blush, Twenty-two-ounce Astracans and Pippins.

The tent caterpillar destroys the trees. They eat off the leaves and then the trees will die.

If you want to have good fruit, you should spray the trees. We should not pull anything off the tree.

When we are picking apples we do

not want to shake the apples, because when they fall they will get bruised. There are many uses for apples. Appie pie, appie cake, appie sauce, appie butter, appie jelly, baked appie, appie slump and cider.

New England apples are better than the western apples.

JULIA A. RODMAN, Age 9, North Franklin.

Moving Pictures at Oyster Bay.

Dear Uncle Jed: Last Saturday afternoon my sister and I went with two of our friends, Ernie and Hazel, who live within half a mile of our house, to Oyster Bay. We left our house at 2 o'clock and as it was a long walk we did not reach Oyster Bay until almost 8, but we were delighted with the scenery—red, golden and brown leaves on both sides of the road, and birds darting to and fro, gulls singing their merry songs.

While we were waiting for the Lyric theatre door to open, my sister went to the Candy Kitchen and bought a pound of chocolates and then the door opened and I hurriedly purchased the tickets so that we might secure a good seat. Moving pictures came first followed by a vaudeville act, which consisted of a man posing in different ways in order to represent a statue. Then we saw pictures again which kept us all laughing as long as they lasted. Two hours were thus passed, with more vaudeville acts and pictures.

It was 5 o'clock when we came out, so we went shopping, and were lucky to meet one of our neighbors who owns a garage in our village. As it happened, he was just going home with his auto and, having to pass our

To Make Christmas Bags.

Dear Uncle Jed: I haven't written to you in a long time. I am in the seventh grade and we have sewing this term in our school, and it is very interesting.

The first thing we were taught was a model of different stitches. We have sewed on different articles and now we are getting ready to make bags for Christmas. I am 11 years old.

MARION HEALY, South Windham.

WHAT THE BOY SCOUTS ARE DOING

Troop No. 2.

The regular meeting of the troop was held Tuesday, Nov. 16, owing to the Scout rally at the armory on Wednesday evening.

The scouts had light work consisting of centipede races, wheelbarrow races, titling, cockfighting and a general good time. At the next meeting competitors between the organization of centipede races, cockfighting and the wheelbarrow, cock fighting and the centipede races will be discussed. Should there be a tie (or nearly so) the matter will be decided by the scout master. The troop regrets the resignation of Mr. Ray Fillmore, who leaves to take up the assistant scout master position in Troop No. 3.

Troop No. 9.

Troop 9 held its regular meeting last Friday night. The meeting was called to order about 7:15. The rally at the State Armory was discussed, and it was decided to make entries in the wheelbarrow, cock fighting and the centipede races at the next meeting. The meeting adjourned at 8 o'clock.

EDITORIAL.

Most people know scouts as just "scouts" but as tenderfoot's second class, first class, or merit badge scout. To them scouts are just boys who live up to their motto.

Naturally, then, the idea is prevalent that all scouts know the same average amount of scoutcraft. That is not the case. The tenderfoot knows first aid as well as a first-class scout, for has it not been spread about that scouts are proficient in first aid? Well, most scouts are, but a boy only two months a scout does not know a great deal. It is his duty to learn all he can and as quickly as he can, to uphold the honor of the organization and to fit himself for actual service with the least possible delay. Then there is the boy who has been a scout for a year or more and still a tenderfoot. What sort of a showing would he make if held up as an example? All concerned should, of course, do everything in their power to help a boy to advance, not alone by giving him attention to tests, but also by emphasizing the important ones. For instance, some one unfamiliar with the Boy Scouts might ask a tenderfoot about signally. This scout ought to know something about one code, but he cannot be expected to signal with any speed. This person after questioning—finding that the scout knew comparatively little—yet would go away shaking his head and thinking that the Boy Scouts did not live up to their standards. But he is wrong. The boy needs time to learn and to practise. Therefore, Scouts, isn't it up to you to earnestly endeavor to progress as quickly as possible without sacrificing thoroughness, and show others that scouts do live up to their motto?

BOY SCOUT EDITOR-IN-CHIEF, Boston Scout News

YOLANDA II AND PART OF PARTY AT TEST.

FLYING BOAT WITHOUT WINGS MEETS TESTS SUCCESSFULLY

A new type of boat, a "glider," a sort of hydroaeroplane without wings, the first of its kind to answer expectations, was tested on the Hudson river near Nyack, N. Y. The test was a success. The boat is called the Yolanda II. The plans were witnessed by Sen. Don Julio Betancourt, the Colombian minister; Francisco Escobar, ex-consul general of Colombia and Senator Montejó, private secretary to Minister Betancourt. The Yolanda II measures 30 by 20 feet, and has cabin houses eleven persons. The motive power is supplied by two 10-horsepower engines. Two giant aeroplane propellers revolve in the air at a speed of 1,200 revolutions a minute and drive the boat at a speed of forty-five miles an hour. When carrying a capacity load the craft draws only three inches of water. It is adapted for service in shallow waters. The Yolanda II is built in six sections, and the designer, D. La Chappelle, declares it is unsinkable. It is mounted on cork-filled pontoon, Gonzales Yajia, who is a Colombian banker, conceived the idea of a glider about five years ago. The men in the picture are Minister Betancourt, Sen. Montejó, and Betancourt.

PUBLIC FISH MARKET

77 Franklin Street

SPECIAL THIS WEEK

EASTERN HALIBUT, lb. 20c

FRESH BLUEFISH, lb. 18c

FRESH MACKEREL, lb. 12 1/2c

FRESH BUTTERFISH, lb. 12 1/2c

FRESH HERRING 4 lbs. for 25c

FLOUNDERS, lb. 9c

BLOCK ISLAND COD STEAK, lb. 15c

FRESH SMELTS, lb. 15c

FRESH HADDOCK, lb. 10c

LONG AND ROUND CLAMS 3 qts. for 25c

CAPE COD AND WAKEFIELD OYSTERS, qt. 40c

SCALLOPS, qt. 75c

SMOKED HALIBUT, SMOKED SALMON

Orders Delivered Telephone 133